For the Children

THE BEST OF ALL.

'Twas a brown little, plain little, thin little book
In passing you hardly would give it one look.
But the children all loved it, "Because," they all cried,
" 'Tis full of nice stories—'tis lovely inside."

'Twas a brown little, plain little, thin little girl,
Her nose was a failure, her hair wouldn't curl;
But the children all loved her, "Because," they all cried,
'She's so kind and so bright and so lovely inside."

—Exchange.

LITTLE I-DON'T-LIKE-YOU.

"I don't like you! I don't like you!" It was a little girl who sang out these naughty words and pouted her lips and frowned.

"I don't like you neither, then," said Joe.

"And I don't like you, missy," said Frank.

"Peeples who come visitin' ought to be polite," said Mary Sue.

"I don't like you! I don't like you! I don't like you!" And the little bit of girl frowned at each of her small cousins.

The little bit of a girl's real name was Anna, and she had just begun to be cross. For a whole week she had been a dear child, so gentle that her Aunt Sophie called her Pussy.

"I don't like you!" she was frowning at Aunt Sophie, and Joe and Frank and Mary and Sue felt much ashamed, for Aunt Sophie was a visitor, too.

"I-Don't-Like-You?" questioned Aunt Sophie. "Oh, is that your name? I thought it was Anna!"

Now, the naughty little girl fully had expected Aunt Sophie to say, "Oh, you must like me, Pussy!" She loved to be called Pussy. But when Aunt Sophie gave her another look she cried out again, "I don't like you!"

"If whenever I look at that little nephew he would cry out, 'Joe!' I would know for sure and certain that his name is Joe, which it is. If whenever I look at this little nephew he would scream, 'Frank!' then I would know his name is Frank; and so with Mary Sue. Therefore, sure and certain we have here Little I-Don't-Like You."

"It isn't a Christian name, is it?" asked Joe.

" 'Cause Christians like people," said Frank.

"She must be an old Chinaman," declared Mary Sue.

"Little I-Don't-Like-You," said Aunt Sophie, "didn't I hear you calling your name to a man in the public road? Is it true that you have told it to the cook?"

"I'm afraid she screamed it to the ice man," said Joe.

"Then it is all around the place," said Aunt Sophie. "I am very sorry, for it is not a pretty name; not near as pretty as Pussy."

"I-Don't-Like-You is an old Chinaman, so she is," sobbed the little bit of a girl; "I—I—I'm Pussy now."

Aunt Sophie sat down on the porch steps, opened her arms, called "Pussy," and something fluffy was in them.

"I wish that Joe and Frank and Mary Sue would tell the cook and the ice man and everybody that I do like peoples," said the little bit of a girl, wiping her eyes.

" 'Cause you feel better when you like peoples, don't you?" asked Mary Sue.

Then Joe and Frank, as well as Mary Sue, promised to tell the cook and the ice man and everybody what Pussy said, and after that there was never again a little I-Don't-Like-You around disturbing the peace. —Selected.

EDGAR'S SOLDIER LESSON.

Really it was too bad. Edgar was going out to play soldier. He slipped on the steps and twisted his ankle.

"My little lad must go to bed and get well," said Mamma Gates.

"Boo-hoo!" howled Eddy.

Uncle Casper looked up from his paper and smiled.

"I don't want to go to bed. I want to go and be a soldier," sobbed poor Edgar.

"But if your ankle is not bathed and put to bed, you will be very lame tomorrow."

"I don't care," whined Eddy. "I don't want to go to bed."

"I thought you were playing soldier," said Uncle Caspar. "What does a soldier do?"

Edgar looked up, puzzled. "He marches and he drums." Eddy looked at his drum and began to cry again.

"Is that all that he does?"

"He doesn't have to go to bed," whined Eddy.

"But sometimes he gets hurt badly. He is shot in a battle. Then what does he do? Does he howl and cry?"

Now, Uncle Caspar was an old soldier whom Eddy admired very much.

"No-o-o! I guess not. I don't know," said the boy.

"No. He goes to the hospital. There he is as brave as when he drums and marches."

Edgar wiped his eyes and looked eagerly at his uncle. "Is going to bed and not crying being a soldier?" he asked.

"Yes, my boy, that is the bravest part of it. Now let me be the ambulance—that's a wagon, you know—and take you to the hospital."

Uncle Caspar picked up Eddy in his arms and carried him gently to his chamber.

"Now, I'm going to be a good soldier," said the boy, with a smile. He did not wince when his uncle felt the sore ankle and bound it up.

"That's a brave lad, Eddy," said his uncle. "Now play it does not hurt, and go to sleep." Half an hour later, Eddy was dreaming. He looked like a brave little corporal taking his rest.

Uncle Caspar hung up Eddy's flag and gun where he could see them when he awoke. The drum with the soldier cap upon it was placed on the bed. Edgar limped downstairs the next day, and went into camp on the sofa. He whined and complained no longer. He had learned a lesson, that a brave man is patient in suffering.—Little Men and Women.